ESTABLISHED IN 1883.

THE NEWS-LEADER.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.90 A YEAR

NEW SERIES----VOL. XVIII. NO. 47 SPINGFIELD, WASHINGON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, NOVEMBER 30 1911. $1.00 PER YEAR

WIFE MURDERER

Pays Penalty For His Crime in Death Chair.

Richmond, Va., Nov. 24—Henry Clay Beattie went to his death at dawn today, the self-confessed murderer of his young wife, although the confession was not made public until four hours after he had paid the toll exacted by the law.

He maintained to the end the remarkable nerve he had exhibited since first he was accused of killing his wife on the lonely Midlothian turnpike last July. His last expression was a sneer when he observed the chair that was to launch him into eternity.

The confession was made public in a downtown hotel by the Rev. Benjamin Dennis, one of the ministers who had labored with Beattie to repent.

As a matter of fact, it was acknowledged by the minister, Beattie first admitted his guilt November 9, the day after he entered the death cell, and before the fruitless appeal for a commutation of sentence was made to the Governor.

Then all hope that the Governor would interfere was gone. The extraordinary document follows:

I, Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., desirous of standing right before God and man, do on this, the 23 day of November, 1911, confess my guilt of the crime charged against me. Much that was published concerning the details was not true, but the awful fact without the harrowing circumstances remains. For this action I am truly sorry, and, believing that I am at peace with God and am soon to pass into His presence, this statement is made.

He read the newspapers avidly and every reference to his iron nerve and to the fact that he was going to the chair without acknowledging his crime in the hope of saving his aged father further sorrow, according to those who were with him to the end, seemed to afford him supreme satisfaction.

Apparently he gloated over the notoriety his crime brought him:

Girl Granted Divorce.

Edith Oder, a fifteen-year-old girl, was yesterday granted a divorce from Sam Oder by Judge Bingham and restored to her maden name of Edith Brown. The plaintiff in her petition filed April 15th last says that Oder, who she met while visiting relatives in Washington, and with whom she had but a bare acquaintance, secured their marriage through fraud and duress.

Shortly after their marriage, which occurred October 31, 1910, she says she returned to her parents. She further says that she was but fifteen years old, and the defendant was twenty-two. No children, she says, were born to them.

Judge Bingham in rendering the decision says that nothing but evil can come of a continuance of the status, and that the only hope for the future of the child is to sever a bond which she could not have understood when she took its obligation. It is the only way, the court says, that the girl can secure an education and the proper development and that happiness which is one of the "inalienable rights."

PUBLIC SALE

In order to wind up and settle the undivided estate of the late R. C. Arnold, we will on

Saturday, December 2, 1911,

at 2 o'clock p.m., on the premises one half mile from Mackville, Ky., on the Mackville and Perryville turnpike offer for sale to the highest bidder the farm known as the R. C. Arnold place containing

150 ACRES

Farm is well improved and has on it a good dwelling house, tobacco barn and all necessary outbuildings. All the land is in a high state of cultivation and is convenient to churches and good school. All good tobacco land and is watered. About 100 acres of this land is in grass. The purchaser will be given deed with covenant of general warranty.

TERMS—One-third cash, remainder in three equal installments payable in 1, 2 and 3 years for which purchaser will be required to execute notes bearing interest at 6 per cent from January 1st, 1912, with a lien reserved on land to secure payment of unpaid purchase money.

S. W. ARNOLD
and other heirs of R. C. Arnold

Hurt In Runaway.

Frightened by the breaking of a piece of harness, a horse driven by Professor Thaddeus Cheatham, teacher in the Taylorsville public school ran away on the 14th inst., throwing Professor Ceeatham and his eight-year-old daughter from the vehicle. The little girl fell across a milk can and was probably internally injured. Her father escaped with bruises. Professor Cheatham was on his way to town from his home.—Louisville Herald.

DUROC BOAR FOR SALE.—I have for sale, a thoroughbred Duroc Jersey Boar that I bought from Judge Thurman. Can be registered. About 12 months old and weighs about 250 pounds. Call at once and he will be sold.

S. O. PARROTT,
Springfield Ky., Rural Route 5.

Old Landmark Gone.

Another historic old landmark has passed. A storm recently felled the tree near Nederhemert, under which Floris I, count of Holland, was peacefully sleeping, after the battle of Nederhemert, in 1061, when he was treacherously murdered by Herman van Kuyk. The tree was believed to be over a thousand years old.

SHOOTING SCRAPE

Mysterious Happening At Lebanon Depot.

A shooting scrape, unusual in some of its features, occurred at the Depot Tuesday evening, Nov. 15th., between six and seven o'clock. The participants were negro men, and, although the trouble took place in the colored waiting room at a time when the room was filled with people, no one can be found who knows the name of the man who did the shooting. Henry Barefield, of Campbellsville was the victim, but even he says he does not know the name of his assailant. Barefield was drinking and soon after entering the waiting room became involved in a difficulty with another negro over the merits of certain lodges to which they belonged. The discussion became heated, it is said, and finally the negro whose name is not known drew from his pocket two pistols. He looked them all over deliberately, and making a selection placed the gun against Barefield's breast and fired. Everyone in the room scattered, some going through windows without the formality of raising them. A physician who was summoned, found upon examination that the ball had not entered the body, although it did inflict a slight flesh wound over the heart. Had the ball entered death would undoubtedly have been instantaneous. Barefield is said to be very troublesome when drinking. He is said to have killed a negro some time ago, and to have served a sentence in the penitentiary for the crime. Night officer Thompson arrived on the scene soon after the affair and began an investigation. He has been unable to learn however, who did the shooting, as everyone who knew anything about it, all, including Barefield himself, stated that the negro was unknown to them. Barefield left the same evening for Campbellsville.—Lebanon Enterprise.

Hair That Fascinates.

WHO WANTS LUSTROUS HAIR FULL OF LIFE AND BEAUTY

Start now madam, this is just the month to acquire a glorious head of hair of which you will be justly proud during the social events of winter time.

If you have not used PARISIAN SAGE you aren't on the high road to beauty. PARISIAN SAGE is the most delightful preparation that destroys the dandruff germs and by so doing removes in a short time the cause of dandruff, falling hair, itching scalp, faded and lifeless hair.

Dandruff germs are obstructionists; they prevent the hair from receiving its proper nourishment. Use PARISIAN SAGE for one week and note the wonderful improvement. Haydon & Willett guarantees it, 50c. a bottle.

Valuable Old Coin.

Mr. Isaiah Duggins, who lives near Cornishville, is another individual who possesses a 50 cent piece made in 1853 which are said to be worth the good round sum of $2,500. Mr. Duggins has had this coin for a good many years. It was given him when quite a small boy and has always kept the gift, never dreaming it had any more than its face value until he read the article in the Republican several weeks ago about the valuable coin of the same date owned by his friend, Mr. James Watts of Perryville. Very few of these 1853 half dollars are in existence and that is what makes them so valuable. Mr. Duggins is something of a coin collector for he has several old fashioned copper cents which are as big as a half dollar, a quarter which is of an old date and some ancient silver pieces which he values very highly.—Harrodsburg Republican.

Killed By A Train.

R. E. Thacker was instantly killed by a passenger train near Lawrenceburg, at ten o'clock on the morning of November 22nd.

While crossing the tracks two miles south of Lawrenceburg, his wagon loaded with railroad ties was struck by a passenger train en route to Danville. He was killed, one horse was killed and his wagon demolished. The remains of Thacker were carried to McBrayer the nearest station. Coroner Leathers was notified. Thacker was sixty-five years of age. Only recently he was married to Miss Ida Parker.

He was a prosperous farmer, influential citizen, and liked by all. He leaves a wife, four daughters and one son.—Louisville Herald.

Commissioner's Sale

Sidney Foster &c vs Davy Foster etc., Pltfs Equity Dfts

By virtue of a Judgment and order of sale of the Washington Circuit Court rendered at the October term 1911, in the above style cause, I shall proceed to offer for sale on the premises in Washington county, Ky., on

SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1911

at 2 o'clock p.m. or thereabout to the highest bidder at public auction upon a credit of 6 and 12 months the following described property, to-wit:

A certain tract of land containing 79 acres, 2 roods and 18 square poles situated upon the Crossroad Cornishville and Harrodsburg turnpike in Washington county, Ky., and known as the Wm. Foster place.

For the purchase price the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security or sureties must execute bond bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid and having the force and effect of Judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

C. F. BOSLEY, M. C. W. C. C.

Lace Known to the Ancients.

Lace was known in Venice at an early period. It was not unknown to the Greeks and Romans. To protect the native article its importation into England was prohibited in 1483.

SOME COLD TRUTH

What A Man Expects of A Girl.

A young man contributes the following to the Woman's Home Companion:

"I don't care for a prude, but I like still less the other kind of girl who has rather uncertain ideals of womanhood. It is quite probable that the latter is more popular than the quiet girl who refuses to allow even 'nice' boys to hold her hand, hug and kiss her; but allow me to express the opinion that no popularity at all is better than such popularity. A girl can be a good fellow' and a jolly comrade among the boys, and at the same time let the boys know they are not to make too free with her. Such a girl will be accorded genuine admiration on the part of the boys.

"The young men may seem to flock around the girl who will let them snatch a kiss in a dark corner, for young men have an evil nature as well as the better side that responds quickly and gladly to the good influence of a pure, sweet girl.

"I can answer for a large circle of young men friends when I say we prefer the pure minded girl to the girl who appeals to our baser natures. There would be no hesitancy in making a choice.

"It sometimes feel that girls do not make full use of their power to influence young men for good. Much as it would embarass me to admit it in public, seven tenths of the things I do, plan and strive for are because they will result in making me what I believe a certain young lady expects me to be. For some reason—possibly shyness and then the thought that the young men would not care for such influence—the majority of the girls do not seem to attempt to exert an ability in this way. A pure girl unconsciously using this gift will do more, I think to keep a young man in the 'straight and narrow' than anything I know of. Not even a mother can do as much in guiding a young man as his sweetheart in a puppy love affair' at twenty or more years of age.

"The one big thing every young man expects of a girl—whether she is sweetheart or friend—is her influence for good. Everything else is incidental, and will fade into the background in comparison with what most young men silently expect in girls.

Dollar Corn In Sight.

If predictions sent out from Washington come true we may in the future see dollar corn.

They predict that corn will go to eighty cents because of the law of supply and demand, and then predict further that it is likely to go to a dollar "because of manipulation."

According to Secretary Wilson's latest corn bulletin, the corn crop of Argentinia is short, and demands will be made on the United States for the amount necessary to make good down there, and throughout the world. In the light of his best information, the corn crop of the United States will total 3,769,482,000 bushels, less by 358,000,000 than the crop of 1910, while the corn crop of Argentia and other corn growing countries has practically gone to the demnition bowwows.

Colds Vanish.

QUICK SENSIBLE METHOD THAT DOESN,T UPSET STOMACH.

Have you heard of the overnight cold cure that is putting colds in the head and Chest out of business between sunset and daybreak.

Here it is. Cut it out and save it if you do not need it now. If you have a cold, cough, throat soreness or acute catarrh, be sure and try it to-night just before going to bed. Pour a scant teaspoonful of Hyomei (pronounce it Hy-mee) into a bowl of boiling water, cover head and bowl with a towel and breathe for several minutes the vapor that arises, then go to sleep and awake with a clear head free from mucus.

Hyomei is guaranteed for catarrh, colds, coughs, croup, asthma, sore throat and bronchitis, or money back. Bottle of Hyomei 50c. at Haydon and Willett, and druggists everywhere.

Evidence of Prehistoric Race

Visible evidences of a prehistoric race were found west of Vine Grove, Ky., by Hugh Yates, a prosperous land owner of the county. While excavating beneath a high cliff on his place, Mr. Yates came to an immense grave and digging into it discovered a human skeleton. The frame was of giant proportions.

His curiosity aroused, Mr. Yates called in some neighbors, and armed with picks they barrowed into the side of the cliff and found an ancient sepulchre crowded with human skeletons, some of them larger than the one first found. One of the frames measures almost twelve feet.

Along with the skeletons were found curiously wrought jewels, strange and weird ornaments, while cooking vessels and musical instruments of queer design were unearthed in endless profusion. The diggers are still at work and expect to make even more important finds.—Louisville Herald.

ROYAL BAKING-POWDER Absolutely Pure

To have pure and wholesome food, be sure that your baking powder is made from cream of tartar and not from alum.

The Label will guide you

Royal is the only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

No Alum No Lime Phosphates

"You Want A Job?"

That question would be asked you daily by business men seeking your services, if you were qualified to keep books, to write a good business hand, or to write shorthand. The Draughon training will qualify you. For prices on lessons BY MAIL, address, Jno. F. Draughon, Nashville, Tenn. For catalogue giving rates of tuition at College, address Draughon's Practical Business College, Nashville, Tenn., Paducah, Ky. or Washington, D. C.

Prefer Salt to Sugar.

In some parts of Africa children will eat salt in preference to sugar. On the gold coast a handful of salt will purchase two slaves.

Bride To Be, Known Here.

Friday's Courier Journal contained the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Wilson, of Bardstown, announce the engagement of their daughter Sarah, to Mr. Brent Chambers. The date of the wedding will be announced later.

Miss Wilson is well kown here where she frequently visited.

What Ails You?

MI-O-NA stomach tablets are guaranteed by Haydon & Willett to end indigestion or any stomach distress, or money back. They relieve upset stomach in five minutes.

MI-O-NA for belching gas.
MI-O-NA for distress after eating.
MI-O-NA for foul breath.
MI-O-NA for biliousness.
MI-ONA to wake up the liver.
MI-ON-A for heartburn.
MI-O-NA for sick headache.
MI-O-NA for nervous dyspepsia.
MI-O-NA for night sweats.
MI-O-NA for sleeplessness.
MI-O-NA for bad dreams.
MI-O-NA for seasickness.
MI-O-NA after a banquet.
MI-O-NA for vomiting pregnancy.

Makes rich, pure blood—puts ginger vim, vigor, vitality into the whole body. Fifty cents a large box at Haydon & Willet, and druggists everywhere.

R. C. oblitt, Pres. J. F. Bishop, V-Pres. J. M. Sturgeon Sec and Treas.

FARMER'S
LOOSE LEAF TOBACCO WAREHOUSE
INCORPORATED
SPRINGFIELD, KY.

For Sale of Tobacco Daily in any Quantity

Tobacco Skillfully Handled by Expert Tobacco Men.

FREE Stalls for Teams. FREE Insurance for the Farmers Protection. No Rejection Fees. House Well Lighted

Mr. T. B. Flaugher, who for s numper of years has been in the employ of the American Tobacco will be in our employ this season and will devote entire service to the grading and handling of all tobacco that is intrusted to our care. We place great stress on the manner of handling and grading of tobacco and for that reason have employed expert men in their line.

As an auctioneer we have employed Mr. A. S. Johnson, of Durham, N. C., one of the finest in the South and who has had a number of years of experience in the tobacco business in this and other States. With this assurance you may expect and will get the best results that can be had in Stat

This market will open on or about December 1; 1911, with the following well known firms represented, The American Tobacco Company; R. A. Patters on Tobacco Company, J. P. Taylor & Company, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, C. H. Phaup & Company and many more independent buyers

Now friends and customers remember what we have said regarding the tobacco situation, and when you load your tobacco for market follow the crowd and drive straight to the Farmers Warehouse Springfield, Ky., and it will mean dollars to you.

BOBLITT & BISHOP, Gen. Managers.
"The Farmers Friends"

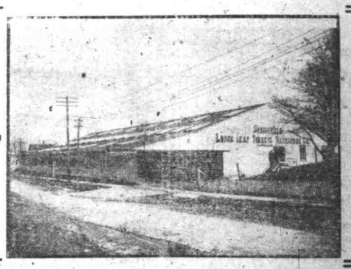
T. SCOTT MAYES, President ELMER YANKEY, Vice-President L. A. BURNS, Sec. and Treas.
ABRAM SYDNOR W. J. STEM

Springfield Tobacco Warehouse Co.

Will Open For Daily Tobacco Sales DEC. 5, 1911.

Carry Your Tobacco To This House

Insurance and Stalls FREE



Directors
R. E. YOUNG, of Marion County
G. W. GLAZEBROOK of Marion County.
CHAS. F. CLARK, of Taylor County
J. W. ARNOLD, of Washington County
W. T. MITCHELL of Washington County

The time is here to sell your tobacco. You want the Best Light, the Best Accommodations and THE BEST PRICE. All these advantages await you at the

"SPRINGFIELD WAREHOUSE"

We have employed capable and experienced men in every department—the best money can get. Our Auctioneer, Mr. Abram Sydnor, needs no introduction on the sale—he speaks for himself. Our Floor Manager, Mr. W. J. Stem, has spent his life in the tobacco business, a better one in his line can't be found. Claude Carrico will again manage the unloading and grading. He and Leyi Bailey will place your tobacco to the best advantage

CHARGES--15c per 100 pounds and 2 per cent Commission

For further information write us or phone 199

LUTHER A. BURNS, General Manager.

THE NEWS-LEADER

SPRINGFIELD, KY.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

JAMES R. NOE JOSEPH POLIN

Editors and Publishers.

THURSDAY, NOV 1911.

PERSONAL

Messrs Geo. and Joseph Edelen were in Lebanon, Sunday.

Misses Lizzie Logsdon, Della Smith, Geo. and Joseph Edelen and Lee Carrico will attend the hop at New Hope, Thursday night.

Mr. Lee Carrico and Joe Edelen have returned from Howardstown after a few days hunt.

Hon. W. C. McChord was in Greensburgh Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. Marshal Thompson has entered School at Bryant and Stratton's in Louisville.

Mr. Gleason Hulse of Louisville visited friends here this week.

Hon. John W. Lewis was in Louisville this week.

Miss Elizabeth Hill, of Lebanon is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Leachman.

Miss Mary Sampson, of Middlesboro, will be the guest of Miss May Mayes during Thanksgiving.

Miss Mary Amis is the guest of Miss Mary Noe.

Misses Fanny and Annie McElroy left Tuesday for a visit to friends in Lexington and Danville.

Mrs. J. A. Hardin, daughter and son, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Canary, left for Oakland Cal., Tuesday, where Mr. Hardin is now in business.

Mr. Robert Anderson, one of the county's oldest citizens is very ill.

Mr. Jack Le Compe of Henry county has returned to resume his duties as bookkeeper for the Planters Tobacco Warehouse.

Mr and Mrs. J. C. Clements are rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter.

Mrs. W. V. Stallard is visiting hee sisters here.

Mr C. L. Price had the misfortune to stick a nail in his foot a few days ago.

Mr. Frank McCabe of Indianapolis, Ind., is at home to spend Thanksgiving.

Mrs Chris Hertlein is in Bardstown today.

NERVES

Young and old have them. Some abuse them. They get tired, starved.

SYMPTOMS:—Loss of sleep and appetite, indigestion, irritability, eventually wrecked constitution.

Alcoholic remedies stimulate only.

Scott's Emulsion

soothes and nourishes, feeds the nerves. A natural nerve-food, containing the salts of Hypophosphites, Iodine and Glycerine.

NO ALCOHOL.

ALL DRUGGISTS 11-18

Mr. Harry Schultz of Central University is spending Thanksgiving at home.

Miss Adeline Cox is spending Thanksgiving with her mother in Louisville.

Mr. Ben F. Simms is in Chicago, Ill., this week.

Mr. John Searcy of Bloomfield, is in town this week.

Mrisses Ruth and Margaret Sprague of Louisville are the guests of Miss Eleanor Duncan.

Mrs. Margaret Offutt is ill at her home in the country.

Mr, and Mrs. E. A. Tonge have returned from a visit to relatives at Campbellsville.

Union services will be held at the Presbyterian Church at 10:00 o'clock. Rev. W. A Wolfe will preach the sermon.

Mr. Rod Wharton of Louisville is the guest of his parents.

Mr. G. D. Duncan was in Louisville. Wednesday

Mr J. L. Simms has returned to Lakeland after a visit to his mother.

Mrs. Raymond Nally is visiting relatives in St. Louis.

Mrs. Chas. Crume, of Bardstown was here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lewis, of Bloomfield, visited Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Boblitt Monday.

Mrs. Mary Phillips, is the guest of Mrs. S. B. Thompson.

Miss Louise Horner, of Louisville, is guest of Mrs. W. H. Macauley.

No More Worry.

"Party that lost purse containing $20 need worry no longer—it has been found."—Brooklyn Life.

SPECIAL SALE

OF

LADIES READY-TO-WEAR

We have just received a new lot of Women's and Misses Coats in black and blue serges; storm serges in blue and black; Novelties in tans, browns, blues and grays AT SPECIAL MID-SEASON PRICES

Great Bargains In Coats

Handsome Fancy Mixtures, with Shawl Collars, worth up to $22.50 for $15.00

Handsome Polo Coats, worth up to $20 00 go for $12.50

Handsome Plush Coats worth up to $20 00 go for $15.00

Caracul Coats, $7.50, $10.00, $12.50 and up to $15.00

Misses and Children's Coats in Handsome Mixtures, Plush and Caraculs at Especially Low Prices.

Childrens Coats in Velvet, Plush, Caracul and Bear Skin in great variety.

Underwear

We are Well Stocked In Underwear For Men, Women and Children.

Men's Flat and Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, 75c values for 50c

Men's Scarlet Wool, Wright's Medicated Fleeced and Genuine Cooper's Ribbed, all excellent values at $1.00

Women's and Misses fine fleeced Vest and Pants, and Union Suits, specially priced at ..... 50c and $1.00

Women's and Children's Heavy Ribbed Pants and Vests at 25c

Clothing For All

Don't forget that we have the exclusive sale of Hart, Schaffner & Marx and the "Welworth" Brand of Suits and Overcoats for Men, and H. A. Seinsheimers "Perfection" Suits and Overcoats for Young Men, Boys and Children. These suits and coats are not equaled in our town.

Complete Line of Shoes

We sell Florsheim and Beacon fine shoes for Men, and Krippendorf-Dittman Co., and Smith's Sterling fine shoes for Women For Children we have the celebrated "Buster Brown" and "Billiken" common sense shoes. We can save you money on your shoes and give you unequalled quality.

In order to cut our Stock of Carpets, Rugs, Wall Paper and Lace Curtains we are making

PRICES REGARDLESS OF COST

CUNNINGHAM, DUNCAN & WHARTON

PUBLIC SALE

AT LEBANON, KY.

$50,000

Worth of the world's best makes of Dry Goods, Clothing and Shoes to be placed on sale. Beginning WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29th and must positively be sold out in 10 DAYS ONLY

OPENS

Wednesday, November 29, 9 A. M.,

ENTIRE STOCK MUST BE SOLD

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

The Entire $50,000 stock of the ECONOMY COMPANY, LEBANON, KY., to be sold out in TEN DAYS. SALE OPENS WEDNESDAY.

November 29, at 9 A M

50,000 STOCK a special appeal to every man, woman and child in the entire State of Kentucky. Wait! Wait! Wait! for the biggest, best, most startling, unmerical, bona fide Sale ever known in all past history of KENTUCKY. It's past all believing. $50,000 worth of the world's best makes of Merchandise to be thrown on the market at the mercy of the people. NOTHING LIKE IT EVER HAPPENED BEFORE. NOTHING LIKE IT MAY EVER HAPPEN AGAIN.

The ECONOMY CO., opposite Court House, Lebanon, Ky.

The Entire Stock placed on Sale, beginning Wednesday November 29th, 9 a.m, for 10 Days

Free Trip To Lebanon

RAILROAD FARE PAID TO ALL PURCHASERS OF $15 or OVER

The World's Greatest Sale Opens Wednesday, November 29th, at 9 a.m.,

CAST YOUR EYE ON THIS STARTLING PRICE LIST

Mens' Clothing Dep't

500 Men's Odd Vests, worth up to $1.50, now	12c
Lot No. 1 Men's Suits that sold for $10.00 closing out price	$ 2.98
Lot No. 2 Men's Suits that sold for $12.50 closing out price	3.98
Lot No. 3 Men's Suits that sold for $16.50 closing out price	4.98
Lot No. 4 Men's Suits that sold for $18.50 closing out price	6.48
Lot No. 5 Men's Suits that sold for $22.50 closing out price	8.98
Lot No. 6 Men's Suits that sold for 22.50 closing out price	10.98

Overcoats, Overcoats.

$10.00 Men,s Fine Overcoats, now	$ 2.98
$12.50 Men's Fine Overcoats, now	3.98
$16.50 Men's Fine Overcoats, now	4.58
$18.50 Men's Fine Overcoats, now	6.48
$22.50 Men's Fine Overcoats, now	8.98
$25.50 Men's Fine Overcoats, now	10.98

Pants, Pants.

$2.00 Men's Heavy Work Pants, now	68c
$2.00 Men's Fine Sunday Pants, now	68c
$4.00 Men's Fine Sunday Pants, now	$ 1.48

Boy's Clothing Department.

40c. Boy's Knee Pants, now	19c
$3.00 Boy's Suits or Overcoats, now	98c
$4.00 Boy's Suits or Overcoats, nom	$ 1.39

Dry Goods Department.

Best Standard Calico, yard	3c
8c Outing Flannel, now, yard	4c
15c Ouiing Flannel, now, yard	9c
15c Dress Gingham, now, yard	6c
15c Flanelettes, now, yard	7 1-2c
50c All Wool Dress Goods, now yard	18c
$1.00 All Wool Dress Goods, now, yard	36c
50c Red or White Table Damask, now, yard	19c
10c Towelling, now, yare	3c
15c Towels, now, each	4c
10c Ladies Fine Handkerchiefs, now, each	3c
15c Ladies Fine Black Hose, now, pair	5c
25c Ladies Fine Black Hose, now, pair	9c
50c Ladies Silk Hose, now, pair	19c
$2.50 Ladies Wool Sweaters, now, each	98c
50c Ladies Heavy Fleeced Underwear, now, each	19c
$1.00 Ladies All Wool Underwear, now, each	29c
50c Children's Underwear, now, each	16c
15c Children's Vests, now, each	7c

Blankets and Comforters.

$1.00 Blankets, now	39c
$2.00 Blankets, now	89c
$3.00 Blankets, now	$ 1.19
$4.00 Blankets, now	1.48
$2.00 Comforters, now	89c
$3.00 Comforters, now	1.19
$4.00 Comforters, now	1.48

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Department.

$12.00 Ladies' Fine Tailored Suits, now	$ 4.48
$16.50 Ladies' Fine Tailored Suits, now	6.98
$20.00 Ladies' Hand Tailored Suits, now	8.98
$25.00 Ladies' Hand Tailored Suits, now	9.98
8.00 Ladies' Long Coats, now	1.98
10.00 Ladies' Long Coats, now	3.98
15.00 Ladies' Long Coats, now	4.98
20.00 Ladies' Long Coats, now	7.98
10:00 Ladies' Hand Tailored Skirts, now	2.98
2.00 Black Petticoats, now	89c
2.00 Childrens' Coats, now	49c
3.00 Childrens' Coats, now	79c

Mens' Furnishing Goods Department

15c Red, White or Blue Handkerchief, now	3c
10c Heavy Work Socks, now	3c
$1.50 All Wool Underwear, now	69c
75c Heavy Fleeced Underwear, now	36c
75c Mens' Work Shirts, now	39c
75c Overalls, now	36c
75c Dress Shirts, now	39c
15c Black Hose, now	6c
25c Black Hose, now	9c
50c Fancy or Silk Socks, now	19c

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

$2.00 Ladies' shoes, now	98c
3.00 Ladies' Shoes, now	$ 1.39
4.00 Ladies' Shoes, now	1.69
5.00 Ladies' Shoes, now	2.48
2.50 Lens' Shoes, now	1.19
3.00 Mens' Shoes, now	1.39
4.00 Mens' Shoes, now	1.69
5.00 Mens' Shoes, now	2.48
2.00 Boys' Shoes, now	98c
1.50 Misses School Shoes	79c

WE

Earnestly advise you to come early and hold your place at the door

SALE OPENS WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, AT 9 A. M., AND LASTS TEN DAYS ONLY.

Sale Positively Opens Wednesday November 29th, 9 a m, and Lasts 10 Days

Entire $50,000 Stock will be placed on Public Sale and must be sold out in 10 Days only. Look for Name on the Building.

THE ECONOMY CO.,

Opposite Court House Lebanon, Ky

Nothing Reserved

ENTIRE STOCK MUST BE SOLD OUT IN 10 DAYS ONLY.

Come to this Sale if you have to walk

Reduction Sale

FOR 30 DAYS

—ON—

Ladies Cloaks, Suits and Rain Coats

AND MEN'S SUITS and Overcoats

We are overstocked in these lines and in order to reduce stock we will make Special Reduction of Prices. We are offering GENUINE BARGAINS and you should not delay in taking advantage of same.

Holiday Specials

Fine Linen Pieces

Beautiful Towels of Every size

Snowy white Table Linens

Napkins in all Grades

Choicest things in Umbrellas, Hand Bags, Belts, Neckwear, Kid Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, etc

FURS in match sets, also seperate Muffs and Neck Pieces at Special Low Prices.

Nice stock of Men's Neckwear, shirts, and collars, mufflers, kid gloves, suspenders, silk handkerchiefs, slippers, stylish hats and shoes.

Winter Necessities

Our stocks are all very well filled at present with the Winter Necessities, such as Warm Underwear for Men, Women and Children, Sweaters for every member of the family, Knit Shawls, Scarfs, Aviation Caps and Gloves, Comforts and Blankets, Lap Robes, Horse Covers, Shoes and Overshoes of every description.

Space will not permit the mention of the many bargains we have to offer you Ask to be shown it will give us pleasure to SHOW OUR GOODS and QUOTE LOW PRICES.

THE ROBERTSON-CLAYBROOKE CO.

INCORPORATED

Litsey

M. Gleason Hulse spent the latter part of the week at the home of Mrs S. C. Van Arsdale

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Kelly and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Reed.

Miss Emma Adams has returned to her home in Harrodsburg after a visit to Miss Nannie Thompson.

Miss Levenia O'Connor visited Miss Mayme Donnelly the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Martin entertained a few of the young folks at a six-o'clock dinner on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. J. O. Polin visited Mrs Willard Thompson Thursday.

Miss Adeline Cox is spending the Thanksgiving holidays with her parents in Louisville.

Miss Jennie Leachman visited Miss Nannie Thompson, Sunday.

Mrs Sallie Vanarsdale is ill with pneumonia.

The new school house at this place is completed.

Taxes Must Be Paid

By December 1st. After that time the Penalty will be added to all unpaid tax

Pay now and Save Money

S. J. ANDERSON, S. W. C.

DR. G. T. BURTON
RESIDENT DENTIST
TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN

OFFICE—Hagan Block, up stairs
SPRINGFIELD, KY.
All Dental Work Strictly First-class

DR. J C MUDD
Physician and Surgeon
Office hours 8 to 9 a.m., 1 to 2 p.m.,
Offices over Haydon's Drugstor

J. H. Lampton, M. D.
Office in Opera House.
Office 'Phone No. 5. Residence No 38

W. F. GRIGSBY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office over People's Bank,
SPRINGFIELD KY.

D. M. W. HYATT
Office over Red Cross Drug Store. Office hours: Hyatt 10:30 a.m., to 12 m. 4 to 5 p.m.

JOHN Y. MAYES
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND LICENSED EMBALMER
TELEPHONE
DAY 19, NIGHT 74
SPRINGFIELD KY

DR. W. F. TRUSTY
PRACTICAL
DENTIST
Office over Haydon & Barber

Dental work at reasonable prices. All work guaranteed.
SPRINGFIELD, KY.

Railroad Schedule.

Following is the time schedule now in effect on the Bardstown and Springfield branch railroad.

No. 41—Leaves Louisville at 4:30 p m; Bardstown Junction 5:22 p m.; Bardstown 6.06 p m; arrives at Springfield 6:55 p m.

No. 42—Leaves Springfield at 6:00 a m.; Bardstown 6:45 a m.; Bardstown Junction 7:30 a m. arrives at Louisville 8:20 a m.

No. 43—Leaves Louisville at 7:20 a m.; Bardstown Junction 8:55 a m.; Bardstown 10.05 a m., arrives at Springfield 11:40 p m.

No. 44—Leaves Springfield at 1:00 p m.; Bardstown 2:20 p m.; Bardstown Junction 4:10 p m.; arrives at Louisville 5:45 p m.

Pessimistic Forecast.

"It is annoying to have to run into so many cranks," said the irritable person. "Yes," replied the mathematical friend; "but think what the world will be a few generations hence. The rate of the increase will be terrific. You can't live without meeting cranks, and you can't keep running into them without becoming one yourself."

TOWN.. Local Happenings of Interest. The Freshest and Latest. All About Yourself, Friends and Acquaintances. ..TOPICS

Special attractions each night.

Pure Jellico coal at B. D Lake's.

Concert each night at the Bazaar.

FOR SALE—Good Seed Rye
John F. Simms.

Anything you want at the Bazaar.

Corn oats and hay. Get our prices. B. D. Lake & Co.

For sale, 100 hens.
Mrs. E. O. Walker.

Remember the Bazaar at the Opera House, Dec. 14, 15 and 16.

Don't fail to see the new ready to-wears at Wathen & Shader's.

FOR SALE—Baled timothy hay Fine quality.
W. P. MERRITT.

Prices cut half in two on millinery, suits and skirts. See for yourself.
Mrs. Williams

A full line of Purenia feeds, molasses feed and alfalfa meal.
B. D. Lake & Co

Don't fail to attend the Bazaar at the Opera House, Dec. 14 15 and 16.

Get some of the good Shoes at Campbell Bros while they last at 25c to $1.00 per pair.

Remember we fork our coal and give 80 lbs to the bushel.
B. D. Lake & Co.

500 pair men, women and childrens Shoes just come in, 25c to $1.00 per pair at Campbell Bros.

Genuine Cannel Coal, not mixed but pure cannel. 17c delivered, 80 lbs to the bushel.
B. D. Lake & Co.

LOST—A black and white elastic belt with silver buckle. Finder will please leave it at this office.

All milliaery at cost. Grea bargains. Come in and see for yourself.
Wathen & Shader

Old Kent Marks is at home with the boys and he knows how to figure lumber. See him with W. K. arks & Sons.

Buy your Christmas gifts at the Bazaar, Opera House, Dec. 14, 15 and 16.

Christmas gifts can be had at the Bazaar, ranging in price from 10c. to $10.00.

FOR SALE—Mrs. R B. Creagor has for sale, pure bred Bourbon Red Turkeys. Toms, $3.50, hens. $2.50. Also S. C. R. I. Cockrels at 75c. and $1.00

FOR SALE—A carload of 47 in. Royal wire field fence at 28c. per rod.
G. W. MCINTIRE,
Fredericktown, Ky

Collins, Montgomery and Co., of Nelson county sold to C. W. Camden of this place, 40.000 pounds of tobacco at 11 cents.

The football teams, of the Springfield high-school and Somerset high-school will meet on the gridiron on Thanksgiving Day and an interesting game is promised.

Miss Nettie Fowler and Mr. Erastus Thompson were married at Willisburg Tuesday.

Mr. Dan West has purchased of Mrs. Ida Clarkson her house and lot in the East end of town for $2100.

Work is now in progress installing the new heating apparatus for St. Rose church. Under the new system the church will be steam heated which will be a great improvement.

The Louisville papers contained an account of the wedding in that city of Miss Mattie Hays to Mr Sam Browe. The bride is a daughter of Mr. Hark Hays and is a beautiful and popular young lady. She is well known here where she has frequently visited.

T. K. Smith, Pres. C. P. Goode, Vice Pres. M. L. Simms, Sec. and Tres

Washington County Tobacco Co.

Handlers of Loose Leaf Tobacco

Charges: 15 cents per hundred, weighing fee, and 2 per cent commission.
Free stall room and shed room for all customers.
All tobaccos carefully sorted and regraded by expert handlers.
If you want a square deal and best possible service bringyour tobacco to us.

R L. Montgomery, Gen. Manager. S. M. Campbell, Auctioneer.

Commissioner's Sales

Monday was a busy day for Master Commissioner's sales.

In the action of J. J. Isham vs. Laura Trusley, the J. J. Isham land of 219 acres was sold for $15.40 per acre to Robert Arnold.

In the action of J. C. Mudd, Admr. of J. Matt Mock vs. J. R. O'Neal, etc., the home place of the late J. Matt Mock sold for $420 to J. R. O'Neal, who transferred his purchase to Dr J. C. Mudd.

In the action of Cocanougher vs. Logsdon the in Lucy Canary land of 55 1-2 acres was sold to Dave Purdon for $87.50 per acre.

In the action of W. C. McChord, etc., vs. Henry Davis the house and lot on High street was sold to Mr. John W. Lewis for $281

The Keeling land of 70 acres was purchased by Mr. W. L. Keeling for $29 per acre.

In the action of W. A. Waters admr., vs. Martha Pardieu the house and lot at the junction of the Bloomfield and Bardstown pike was sold to Mr. J. L. Mudd for $1275.

In the case of R. T. Best vs Hubert Best a tract of land of 41½ acres was purchased by Mr. Leslie Coyle for $8 75 per acre

Will Open December 5, 1911

The Springfield Loose Leaf Tobacco Market will open at Springfield. Ky,, on Tuesday, December 5, 1911, and will continue to have Loose Leaf sales daily until all of the 1911 tobacco crop is said

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF TRADE

What might have been a serious fire started in the cellar of Shultz & Cleaver's hardware store last Tuesday morning, when a barrel of oakum caught fire and make a considerable blaze. The fire department was not in working order, the plant at the time was undergoing repairs occasioned by the fall of the smoke-stack during the windstorm several nights ago However the flame was soon extinguished by the aid of guany sacks.

Great Hog Sale.

The Duroc Hog sale of Mr. E S. Mayes held at his sale pavilion our last Thursday was quite a success. The day was a very inclement one. but that fact need not deter anyone from attending Mr. Mayes' sale, as everything is under shelter He has one of the best places in the State for the selling of hogs, at least this is the opinion of the many hog buyers who attend all the hog sales,

All of Mr. Mayes' stock were in fine condition. Forty-seven hogs were sold at an average of over $30. The blood lines of Mr. Mayes' herd is one of the very best of the Durocs. Many of the hogs were purchased by parties in the county, showing that our people are awake to the improvement of their hog herds.

Besides a good crowd of local buyers there were present a large number of the most prominent Duroc breeders in the country.

Mr Mayes attended the Duroc sale at Howell, last Friday and purchased four of the best offerings there, paying $380 dollars for one sow. This sow will be placed in Mr. Mayes' herd and buyers at his future sales will have a chance to purchase some of her pigs.

Simpson Will Case Affirmed.

On yesterday the mandate of of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky was filed in the office of the Circuit Court Clerk, affirming the judgment of the Washington Circuit Court rendered about a year ago, sustaining the will of John A. Simpson.

John A. Simpson, a wealthy resident of Washington county died about a year ago, leaving his large estate mostly to the five youngest children. The four oldest children appealed from the Washington County Court probating said will, and after a long trial in the Washington Circuit the will by a majority verdict was sustained.

The propounders of the will were represented by Judge J. S. Kelly of Bardstown, W. C. McChord, W. P. Grigsby and T. S. Mayes of Springfield, and the contestants by Nat Halstead, Smith Barlow of Bardstown and John Lewis of Springfield. The case, owing to its importance was set for oral argument in the Court of Appeals, and was on Sept. 21st argued there by T. S. Mayes, for the propounders of the will, and John W. Lewis, for the contestants, and the opinion sustaining the will was handed down just four weeks later.

Smith--Smith

Mr. Sydney Smith and Miss May Smith were united in marriage Tuesday morning at St. Rose, by Rev. Father McGonagle. She groom is a son of J. Rich Smith and is an industrious and prosperous young farmer of the county, while the bride who is a daughter of Mr. Wm Smith is an attractive young lady. The many friends of the young people wish them many years of happiness,

Gotee--Hamilton

Mr. Kenny Hamilton and Miss Gotee were married at St. Rose Tuesday by Rev. Father Gavin. Both are popular young people of the St. Rose neighborhood.

Miles.

Mrs. Leo Miles died at her home at McIntire on last Thursday after a brief illness of pneumonia.

Mrs. Miles had only been married three years. Her maiden name was Durbin. She is survived by her husband and one child. She was a good, christian woman beloved by a large circle of friends. Funeral services were conducted Friday, at Chicago, by the Rev Father Werner,

Yankey

Mr. Woodford Yankey died at his home near Mackville on last Thursday in the 74th year of his age.

Mr. Yankey had been in failing health for about two years but his death was not expected at the time the summons came. He was a lifelong citizen of the county and highly respected by all, Funeral services were conducted at Mackville Saturday by Rev R. E. C. Lawson.

Graves.

In the death of Mr. Richard P. Graves, who died last Sunday, of old age, this community lost one of its oldest and most respected citizens.

Mr. Graves was a lifelong citizen of Washington county and was born here 80 years ago. His father was the late Joseph Graves.

He was united in marriage to Miss Amanda Ballard, who, with the following children survives: Messrs Othey, Joe, Albert and Oscar Graves, of this county and Marion Graves of Indiana Mr. Graves was a good, quiet, honest citizen, who was modest and retiring in disposition. He was industrious and shirked the performance of no duty which fell to his lot.

Funeral services were conducted Tuesday at St. Rose.

Citizens of Washington County Take Notice.

There will be a mass convention of the citizens of Washington County, held at the Court House in Springfield on Saturday, December 9th, for the purpose of considering the road question of our county. This is probably the most important of the questions the people have had to meet in the history of the county, inasmuch as it affects every man in the county regardless of his business or station in the community, and it is earnestly requested that everyone who feels an interest in the progress and prosperity attend. Don't forget the date, Saturday, December 9th.

Respectfully,
THE COMMITTEE

"Juryman" Answered.

For the information of "Juryman" who, in a card in your paper last week wanted to know why persons sentenced to a term in jail by jury were not compelled to serve said term, the section of the Kentucky Statutes bearing upon said question is printed.

"Said section, which is No 4871 reads as follows:

"The County Court may, at its discretion, hire out prisoners for part or all of their terms Anyone hiring a prisoner shal give a bond, with good security, payable to the Commonwealth stipulating that such person shall provide proper feed and lodging for the prisoner, and shall pay the price of hire agreed to be paid."

Under this section, the County Judge has been hiring out prisoners during the term of their imprisonment, using his discretion, as permitted under said section.

No one, except the Governor, has a right to remit or respite any fine or imprisonment. Under the above section the County Judge, has a right to hire out prisoners

X. Y. Z.

TO EVERYBODY

The Sunday Closing Law prohibits us from selling anything on Sunday

Except Meals

Our Ice Cream orders must be in on Saturday evening to be delivered on Sunday morning

MEAL HOURS
Breakfast from 7 to 8:30. Din 11 12
Supper 6 to 7:30

Nothing Sold at Fountain

FITZGERALD & HERTLIEN

The Passion Play

A truly wonderful reproduction of the Life of Christ in beautiful hand-colored Motion Pictures at the

Walnut Street Theatre

Thursday, Friday and Saturday Nights

November 30, December 1 and 2,

The greatest achievement ever accomplished in motion pictures. Takes over hour in presentation The cast includes Ghrist—His Disciples—Pilate and all ancient characters with 500 Roman Soldiers and civilians.

Admission 25c

If your glasses are broken come in and have me fix them or fit you with a new pair that will be a comfort to you.

You can't afford to neglect your eyes. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

JAS. J. GRAVES

PUBLIC SALE

In order to close out our entire partnership business in Springfield we will offer for sale in Springfield, Ky., on

Saturday, December 16,

to the highest bidder the following Real Estate situated in Springfield consisting of some of the most desirable homes in the city as follows:

Two dwelling houses on Walnut Street known as the Thompson property, both very desirable homes and in one of the best neighborhoods in town.

Two dwellings on Virginia Avenue, both new houses and of five and six rooms respectively. Also two vacant building lots on Virginia Avenue adjoining the property above named. Also five residence cottages on High Street known as the Spears property, all good property and in good repair, and a nice cottage on East end of High Street.

The Beautiful Home

of Mrs. C. A. Green on Walnut Street will also be offered. Of this home too much cannot be said in its praise. It is a modern home of 11 rooms fully equipped with light, water, bath, toilet and all modern conveniences. Has large front yard, good garden and all necessary outbuildings. It is a home that anyone might be proud of and the terms so reasonable that anyone can meet them. Parties desiring to see any of this property or desiring any further information will ca call on C. A. Green or S. M. Campbell.

TERMS—One-third cash, remainder in 1, 2 and 3 years.

MARKS & GREEN

S. M. Campbell, Auctioneer.

DAILY AUCTION SALES WELL LIGHTED SALES FLOOR FEE SAME AS LAST SEASON

Planter's Loose Leaf Tobacco Warehouse

Tandy Quisenberry, Proprietor

SPRINGFIELD, KY., October 24, 1911.

DEAR SIR:

At this writing the 1911 crop of tobacco grown in Washington, Nelson and adjoining counties is practically all cut and housed. The tobacco cut and housed early, in our opinion, will show a good per cent. of nice, useful tobacco, with good color, while the later cutting, we think, will show a considerable amount of damaged tobacco. This, however, depends upon the curing season from now on. We look for a good strong market this season on all grades of good, useful tobacco, and especially do we look for good prices on all colory types. Be careful in sorting your tobacco, keeping every grade to itself. We urge especial attention to the sorting of your colory tobaccos. We believe by sorting your tobacco carefully, that it is the only way to obtain its full market value.

We would advise you to hang your different grades on the stick as you strip it, and bulk the same on stick, and when you are ready to market it, be sure to bring it to us on the stick, and in this way you are ready to be sure to bring it to us on the stick, and in this way you do not damage the tobacco by "Kneeing it" in your your wagon bed. By bringing it to us in this way you do not lose any weight, nor do any damage to the tobacco.

We are here to take care of friends, (both buyer and seller) and we would advise you to sell your tobacco on the open market where you get full competition of all the buying element. This is the only way to get the full value of your tobacco.

Above we here endeavored to tell you in our humble way what to do with your tobacco while in your possession, now when your tobacco reaches our house, we promise to do everything in our power in grading and arranging your tobacco for sale, to get you full market prices. We will have thorough tobacco men connected with us this season, the same men, in fact, who paid such strict attention to your interests last year.

We hope to be favored with your business this season, promising it our close personal attention. Our house with its added improvements, is located in town near the depot, where we will be glad to see you at any time.

We hope to be able to open sales December 1st

Yours Truly,
TANDY QUISENBERRY

Commissioner's Sale

Mrs. Annie Gribbins etc., Plffs
vs Equity
Ben Haydon, Jr., &c., Dfts

By virtue of a Judgment and order of sale of the Washington Circuit Court rendered at the October term 1911, in the above styled cause. I shall proceed to offer for sale upon the premises

ON FRIDAY, DEC. 1, 1911,

at 1.30 o'clock p.m., or thereabout to the highest bidder, at public auction, upon a credit of 1, 2 and 3 years, equal installments, the following described property, to wit;

A certain tract of land situated in Washington county Ky., on the Little Beech Fork about 6 miles East of Springfield, Ky., on the Tick Creek turnpike and known as the Fount Haydon farm. This land will be offered in three tracts and as a whole and sold in the manner reducing the most money.

Tract No. 1 This tract contains 217.63 acres and is equipped with good room dwelling, stock and tobacco barn, all the outbuildings necessary for a first-class farm, and plenty of good tobacco land.

Tract No 2 This tract has small box house, about 15 acres of very fine beech timber, an abundance of locusts and plenty of good tobacco land.

Tract No. 3 This division has good log house, a small amount of beech and oak timber with thousands of fine posts ready to cut and as good tobacco land as anybody's

For the purchase price the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security or sureties must execute bond bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid and having the force and effect of a Judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

C. F. BOSLEY, M. C. W. C. C.

No hunting or trespassing on our farms allowed.

Parrot Bros.
Mrs. W. T. Riney
Mrs. Watt O'Bryan
W. G. Grundy
Warren Nally
E. F. Donnelly
Jno. F. Simms
Mrs Eliza Mudd
John M. Russell
C. W. Russell
J. H. Nally

To The Public

Having thoroughly overhauled our mill at Litsey we are now better equipped than ever to do your grinding and solicit your patronage believing that if you will give us a trial that you will be convinced that we are making a flour that is second to none

FRED VANARSDALE

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Reputation of a Woman.

Like a flash occurred to me the only possible means by which we might escape open discovery—an instant disclosure of my supposed rank, coupled with indignant protest. Already, believing me merely some private soldier straying out of bounds with a woman of the camp as companion, he had thrown himself from the saddle to investigate. Whatever was to be done must be accomplished quickly, or it would prove all too late. To think

"Put Down Your Pistol," She Ordered Coldly.

was to act. Stepping instantly in front of the shrinking girl and facing him, I said sternly:

"I do not know who you may chance to be, sir, nor greatly care, yet your words and actions imply an insult to this lady which I am little disposed to overlook. For your information permit me to state, I am Colonel Curran, Sixth Ohio Light Artillery, and am not accustomed to being halted on the road by every drunken fool who sports a uniform."

He stopped short in complete surprise, staring at me through the darkness, and I doubted not was perfectly able to distinguish the glint of buttons and gleam of braid.

"Your pardon, sir," he ejaculated at last. "I mistook you for some runaway soldier. But I failed to catch your words; how did you name yourself?"

"Colonel Curran, of Major-General Halleck's staff."

"The hell you are! Curran had a full gray beard a month ago."

He took a step forward, and before I could recover from the first numbing shock of surprise was peering intently into my face.

"Damn it!" he cried, tugging viciously at a revolver in his belt, "I know that face! You are the measly Johnny Reb I brought in day before yesterday."

There came a quick flutter of drapery at my side, and she, pressing me firmly backward, faced him without a word.

The man's extended arm dropped to his side as though pierced by a bullet, and he took one step backward, shrinking as if his startled eyes beheld a ghost.

"Edith?" he cried, as though doubting his own vision, and the ring of agony in his voice was almost piteous. "Edith! My God! You here, at midnight, alone with this man?"

However the words, the tone, the gesture may have stung her, her face remained proudly calm, her voice cold and clear.

"I certainly am, Major Brennan," she answered, her eyes never once leaving his face. "And may I ask what reason you can have to object?"

"Reason?" His voice had grown hoarse with passion and surprise. "My God, how can you ask? How can you even face me? Why do you not sink down in shame? Alone here,"—he looked about him into the darkness—"at such an hour, in company with a Rebel, a sneaking, cowardly spy, already condemned to be shot. By Heaven! he shall never live to boast of it!"

He flung up his revolver barrel to prove the truth of his threat, but she stepped directly between us, and shielded me with her form.

"Put down your pistol," she ordered coldly. "I assure you my reputation is in no immediate danger unless you shoot me, and your bullet shall certainly find my heart before it ever reaches Captain Wayne."

"Truly, you must indeed love him," he sneered.

So close to me was she standing that I could feel her form tremble at this insult, yet her voice remained emotionless.

"Your uncalled-for words shame me, not my actions. In being here with Captain Wayne tonight I am merely paying a simple debt of honor—a double debt, indeed, considering that he was condemned to death by your lie, while you deceived me by another."

"Did he tell you that?"

"He did not. Like the true gentleman he has ever shown himself to be, he endeavored to disguise the facts, to withhold from me all knowledge of your dastardly action. I know it by the infamous sentence pronounced against him and by your falsehood to me."

"Edith, you mistake," he urged anxiously. "I—I was told that he had been sent North."

She drew a deep breath, as though she could scarcely grasp the full audacity of his pretence to ignorance.

"You appeared to be fully informed but now as to his death sentence."

"Yes, I heard of it while away, and intended telling you as soon as I reached our quarters."

I could feel the scorn of his miserable deception as it curled her lip, and her figure seemed to straighten between us.

"Then," she said slowly, "you will doubtless agree that I have done no more than was right, and will therefore permit him this chance of escape from so unmerited a fate; for you know as well as I do that he has been wrongly condemned."

He stepped forward with a half-smothered oath, and rested one hand heavily upon her shoulder.

"I rather guess not, madam," he said. "Damn him! I will hang him now higher than Haman, just to show Queen Esther that it can be done. Out of the way, madam!"

Rendered desperate by her slight resistance and his own jealous hatred, he thrust the woman aside so rudely that she fell forward upon one knee. His revolver was yet in his right hand, gleaming in the starlight, but before he could raise or fire it I had grasped the steel barrel firmly, and the hammer came down noiselessly upon the flesh of my thumb. The next instant we were locked close together in fierce struggle for the mastery. He was the heavier, stronger man; I the younger and quicker. From the first every effort on both sides was put forth solely to gain command of the weapon—his to fire, mine to prevent, for I knew well at the sound of the discharge there would come a rush of blue-coats to his rescue. My first fierce onset had put him on the defensive, but as we tugged and strained his superiority in weight began to tell, and slowly he bore me backward, until all the weight of my body rested upon my right leg. Then there occurred to me like a flash a wrestler's trick taught me years before by an old negro on my father's plantation. Instantly I appeared to yield to the force against which I contended with simulated weakness, sinking lower and lower, until, I doubt not, Brennan felt convinced I must go over backward. But as I thus sank, my left foot found steady support farther back, while my free hand sank slowly down his straining body until my groping fingers grasped firmly the broad belt about his waist. I yielded yet another inch, until he leaned so far over me as to be out of all balance, and then, with sudden straightening of my left leg, at the same time forcing my head beneath his chest in leverage, with one tremendous effort I flung him, head under, crashing down upon the hard road. Trembling like a reed from the exertion, I stood there looking down upon the dark form lying huddled at my feet. He rested motionless, and I bent over, placing my hand upon his heart, horrified at the mere thought that he might be dead. But the heart beat, and with a prayer of thankfulness I looked up. She stood beside me.

"Tell me, Captain Wayne," she exclaimed anxiously, "he is not—not seriously hurt?"

"I believe not," I answered soberly. "He is a heavy man, and fell hard, yet his heart beats strong. He must have cut his head upon a stone, however, for he is bleeding."

She knelt beside him, and I caught the whiteness of a handerchief within her hand.

"Believe me, Mrs. Brennan," I faltered lamely, "I regret this far more than I can tell. Nothing has ever occurred to me to give greater pain than the thought that I have brought you so much of sorrow and trouble. You will have faith in me?"

"Always, everywhere—whether it ever be our fate to meet again or not. But now you must go."

"Go? And leave you here alone? Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid?" she looked about her into the darkness. "Of what? Surely you do not mean of Frank—of Major Brennan? And as to my being alone, our quarters are within a scant hundred yards from here, and a single cry will bring me aid in plenty. Hush! what was that?"

It was the shuffling tread of many feet, the sturdy tramp of a body of infantry on the march.

"Go!" she cried hurriedly. "If you would truly serve me, if you care at all for me, do not longer delay and be discovered here. It is the grand rounds. I beg of you, go!"

I grasped her outstretched hand, pressed my lips hotly upon it, and sped with noiseless footsteps down the black, deserted road.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Cavalry Outpost.

I lingered merely long enough to feel assured as to her safety, creeping closer until I heard her simple story of the Major's fall from his horse, and then watched through the night shadows while the little squad bore his unconscious form over the crest of the low hill toward their quarters. Then I turned my face eastward and tramped resolutely on. I was, first of all, a soldier, and nothing short of death or capture should prevent me reaching Lee with my message. Let what would happen all else could wait!

The gleam of the stars fell upon the double row of buttons down the breast of the coat I wore, and I stopped suddenly with an exlamation of disgust. Nothing could be gained by longer masquerade, and I felt inexpressible shame at being thus attired. Neither pass nor uniform would suffice to get me safe through those outer picket lines, and if I should fall in the attempt, or be again made prisoner, I vastly preferred meeting my fate clad in the faded gray of my own regiment. With odd sense of relief I hastily stripped off the gorgeous trappings, flung them in the ditch beside the road, and pressed on, feeling like a new man.

There was small need for caution here, and for more than an hour I tramped steadily along, never meeting a person or being startled by a suspicious sound. Then, as I rounded a low eminence I perceived before me the dark outlines of trees which marked the course of the White Briar, while directly in my front, and half obscured by thick leaves of the underbrush, blazed the red glare of a fire. I knew the stream well, its steep banks of percipitate rock, its rapid, swirling current which, I was well aware, I was not a sufficiently expert swimmer to cross. Once upon the other bank I should be comparatively safe, but to pass that picket post and attain the ford was certain to require all the good fortune I could ever hope for.

But despair was never for long my comrade, and I had learned how determination opens doors to the courageous—it is ever he who tries that enters in. It took me ten minutes, possibly, creeping much of the way like a wild animal over the rocks, but at the end of that time I had attained a position well within the dense thicket, and could observe clearly the ground before me and some of the obstacles to be overcome.

As I supposed, it was a cavalry outpost; I could distinguish the cross of sabers on the caps of the men, although it was some time before I was able to determine positively where their horses were picketed. There must have been all of twenty in the party, and I could distinguish the lieutenant in command, a middle-aged man with light-colored chin beard, seated by himself against the wall of a small shanty of logs, a pipe in his mouth and an open book upon his knee. His men were gathered close about the blazing fire, for the night air was decidedly chill as it swept down the valley; a number were sleeping, a few at cards, while a little group, sitting with their backs toward me, yet almost within reach of my hand, were idly smoking and discussing the floating rumors of the camp. I managed to make out dimly the figure of a man on horseback beyond the range of flame, and apparently upon the very bank of the stream, when some words spoken by an old gray-beared sergeant interested me.

"Bob," he said to the soldier lounging next him, "whut wus it thet staff officer sed ter ther leftenant? I didn't just git ther straight of it."

The man, a debonair young fellow, stroked his little black mustaches reflectively.

"Ther cove sed as how Cole's division wud be along here afore daylight, an' thet our fellers wud likely be sent out ahead of 'em."

"Whar be they a goin'?"

"The leftenant asked him, an' the cove sed as it wus a gineral advance to meet ol' Hancock at Minersville."

"Thet's good 'nough, lads," chimed in the sergeant, slapping his knee. "It means a dance down the valley after Early. I'm a guessin' we'll have a bang-up ol' fight 'fore three days more."

"Pervidin' allers thet ther Johnnies don't skedaddle fust," commented another, tartly. "Whut in thunder is ther, matter with them hosses?" he asked, suddenly, rising and peering over into the bushes beyond the hut, where a noise of squealing and kicking had arisen.

"Oh, the bay filly is probably over the rope agin," returned the sergeant, lazily. "Sit down, Sims, an' be easy; you're not on hoss guard ter-night."

"I know thet," growled the soldier, doubtfully, "but thet thar kid is no good, an' I don't want my hoss all banged up just as we're goin' on campaign. 'Tain't no sorter way ter hitch 'em anyhow, to a picket rope; ruins more hosses than ther heels dew."

This gave me inspiration, and before the speaker's sullen growl had wholly ceased I was again upon hands and knees, silently groping my way along the bank toward the rear of the hut. It proved to be a tiny structure, containing but a single room—probably a mere fisherman's shack, without windows, but possessing a door at either end. Meeting no opposition I crept within, where I felt somewhat safer from observation, and then peered warily forth into the darkness extending between it and the river. The picket-rope stretched from one corner of the hut, where it seemed to be secured around the end of a projecting log, out into the night, evidently finding its other terminus at a big tree whose spreading top I could dimly perceive shadowed against the sky. Along it were tethered the horses, a few impatiently champing their bits and pounding with their hoofs on the trampled ground; but the majority resting quietly, their heads hanging sleepily down. The one nearest me appeared a finely proportioned animal of a dark color, and was equipped with both saddle and bridle. Of the soldier in charge I could distinguish nothing—doubtless he was lounging on his back, half asleep upon some soft patch of grass.

I turned when it suddenly occurred to me that the deserted hut might contain something I could use to advantage—a firearm, perhaps, or even a stray box of matches. I felt about me cautiously, creeping along the hard earthen floor until I had nearly reached the opposite entrance. The light from the fire without leaped up, and its glow revealed a saddle, with leather holster attached, hanging to a nail just within the doorway. Moving noiselessly I managed to extract a revolver, but could discover no cartridges.

I was yet fumbling in the holster pocket when the lieutenant rose from his seat without, knocked the ashes from his pipe, yawned sleepily, standing directly between me and the fire, and then, turning sharply, walked slowly into the open door of the hut. I sprang to my feet, or he would certainly have stepped upon me, and before he could realize the situation I had him by the collar, with the cold muzzle of my stolen revolver pressed hard against his cheek.

"A single word or sound, and I fire!" I said sternly.

I have no recollection of ever seeing any one more completely astounded. He gasped like a fish newly landed, and I doubt if he could have made utterance even had he dared.

"Come in a little farther," I commanded. "Now look here, Lieutenant, you do exactly as I tell you and you will get out of this affair with a whole skin; otherwise—well, I'm playing this game to the limit. Now answer me: How many men have you mounted this side the ford?"

He glared at me sullenly, and I drew back the hammer with an ominous click, eyeing him fiercely.

"Well," I said shortly, "do you choose to answer, or die?"

"Two."

"On the other bank?"

"None."

"Lieutenant," I said, speaking low, but in a tone which left no doubt as to my exact meaning, "I am an escaped prisoner, and shall not hesitate to kill rather than be recaptured. It is your life or mine tonight, and I naturally prefer my own; but I'll give you one chance, and only one—obey my orders and I will leave you here unhurt; disobey, and your life is not worth the snap of a finger. Move back now until you face the door, and don't forget my pistol is within an inch of your ear, and this is a hair trigger. What is your sergeant's name?"

"Handley."

"Order him to take ten men on foot one hundred yards west on the pike, and wait further orders."

"Handley," he called out, his voice so choked with rage as to make me fearful it might arouse suspicion, "take ten men on foot to the cross-roads, and wait there until you hear from me."

I could plainly note the dark shadows of the fellows as they filed out past the fire, but I never ventured to take eye or gun off the man I watched.

"How many remain there now?"

"Seven."

"Any non-com. among them?"

"A corporal."

"Have him take them all south on the cross-roads."

"Jones," he called out huskily.

"Yes, sir."

"Take what men you have left a hundred yards south on the cross-road!"

We could hear them crunching their way through the bushes, until the sound finally died out in the distance.

"Now Lieutenant, you come with me—softly, and keep your distance."

We moved back slowly, step by step, until we came to the rear door of the

"A Single Word or Sound, and I Fire."

shed. I reached out into the darkness, but without turning my face away from him, and silently severed the picket-rope, retaining the loosened end in my grasp. It was so intensely dark where we stood that I slipped the pistol unobserved into my belt.

"Face to the rear," I said sternly.

As he turned to obey this order, with quick movement I tripped him, sprang backward, and shut the door.

In a single bound I was upon the back of the black, and had flung the severed rope's end at the flank of the next horse in line. There was a rush of feet, a sharp snapping of cords, a wild scurrying through the bushes, as twenty frightened horses stampeded up the bank, and then, lying face down over the saddle pommel, I sent the startled black crashing down into the shallows of the ford. The fellow on guard tried his best to stop us, but we were past him like the wind. He did not fire, and doubtless in the darkness saw merely a stray horse broken from the picket-rope. The other fellow took one swift shot, but it went wild, and I heard the voice of the enraged lieutenant damning in the distance. Then with a rush we went up the steep bank on the eastern shore, and I sat upright in the saddle and gave the black his rein.

CHAPTER XX.

A Demon on Horseback.

I felt positively happy then. The thrill of successful achievement was mine, and with the exultation of a soldier in having surmounted obstacles and peril, I nearly forgot for the moment the heart tragedy left behind. The swift impetus of the ride, the keen night air sweeping past me, the fresh sense of freedom and power engendered by that reckless dash through the darkness, all conspired to render me neglectful of everything save the joy of present victory. The spirit of wild adventure was in my blood.

A dozen spits of fire cleaved the intense blackness behind, and I knew the widely scattered patrol were sending chance shots across the stream. A clang of hoofs rang out upon the rocks, but I could distinguish nothing indicating a large pursuing party—probably the two who were mounted at the ford, with possibly others following when they caught their strayed horses. I had little to fear from such half-hearted pursuit as this was sure to be. The swift, powerful stride of the animal I rode, assured me that I was not ill mounted, and there was small chance of contact with Federal outriders before I should reach the protecting picket lines of our own army. I laughed grimly as I leaned slightly back in saddle and listened; it was like a play, so swift and exciting had been the passing events, so unexpected their ending. I wondered what plausible story the discomfited lieutenant would concoct to account for his predicament, and whether the others had yet missed me back at the Mansion House.

The stars appeared to be paling somewhat down in the east, for the coming day-dawn was already whitening the horizon. I glanced at my watch, venturing to strike a match for the purpose, and found the hour after three o'clock. Early, I knew, was at Sowder Church, and his advance cavalry pickets ought to be as far west as the Warrentown road. The distance between, by hard riding, might be covered in three hours. My horse seemed fresh, his breath came naturally and without effort, and I pressed him along rapidly, for my whole ambition now centred upon bringing the information I possessed within our own lines. Bungay, beyond doubt, had been recaptured long since, for my own experience told me how extremely vigilant were the Federal guards. To one unacquainted as he was with military customs it would prove impossible to penetrate their lines; hence, everything must depend upon my getting through in safety.

Then my thoughts drifted to the one I had left in such serious predicament. If I had loved her before, I loved her doubly now, for she had proven herself a woman among women in time of danger and trial. How clearly her face, with those dark sweet eyes and the wealth of crowning hair, rose before me, while word by word I reviewed all that had passed between us, dwelling upon each look or accent that could evince her possible interest in me. Then reason returned to my aid, and resolutely, determinedly, inspired by every instinct of soldierly honor, I resolved that I would put her from my thoughts forever. She was not mine either to love or possess, unless the uncertain fate of war should chance to set her free. Even to dream of her, to cherish her in memory while she remained the wife of another, was but an affront to her purity and womanhood. I would prove myself a man entitled to her respect, a soldier worthy my service and corps; if ever again my name chanced to find mention in her presence it should be spoken with honor.

I was musing thus, lulled by the steady lope of my horse, and totally insensible to any possibility of peril, when clear upon my ears, instantly awakening me from such reverie, there rang through the night silence the sharp clang of iron on the road behind me. All sound of pursuit had long since died away, and I supposed the effort to recapture me had been abandoned. But there was no mistaking now—at least one horseman, riding recklessly through the black night, was pressing hot upon my trail.

"The lieutenant," I thought, "the lieutenant, burning with anger at the trick played upon him, has pushed far ahead of his troop, doubtless mounted upon a better horse, determined to risk everything if he may only bring me back dead or alive."

(To be continued.)

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respectively. Each card is finished off with a fine silk cord, neatly sewn on all round the edge, and the four cards are fastened together at the top, with a narrow piece of ribbon run through two holes and then tied together in front with a smart little bow. This ribbon must not be too tightly tied, and must be of sufficient length to allow the cards to be turned over like the leaves of a book, so that the marker may be opened at any particular suit, and laid upon the table, where it may be within view of all of the players. In place of the ribbon a ring may be run through the four cards in the center at the top, and for this purpose a small key ring will answer admirably, and will last longer than the ribbon. The small sketch at the top shows the marker opened at "diamonds."

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"Did you help elect that man because of his personal popularity?"

"No," replied Farmer Corntossel. "I had my suspicions of him for a long time and wanted to shove him along to where the muckrakers could get a good go at him."